

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
— EDITOR. —

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CHRIST AND THE FISHERMEN.

Zimmermann.



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THE LIFE WORK OF A PIONEER



WAS born in the town of Dorchester, Norfolk county, Mass., on the eleventh day of April, 1821. In 1835 my mother was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Brigham Young, in the city of Boston. She made immediate preparation to gather with the Saints at Kirtland, Ohio, taking me with her—my mother being a widow; I being about fourteen years of age.

In 1836 mother bought two acres of land for a homestead about half a mile south of the temple. I hold the deeds of that land today. In the fall of 1836 I went on a visit to my brother in St. Louis. On returning to Kirtland in the spring of 1837, I found the place almost deserted, as most of the Saints had gone in Zion's Camp to Far West.

In place of mother and myself going with the Saints to Far West, we went to Newark, Ohio, where we resided several years. I learned the trade of chair making while there. Then we moved to St. Louis where I worked for several years at my trade. In the spring of 1844 we went to Nauvoo on a visit to President Joseph Young, and I was baptized on June 10, 1844. In going down to baptism the Nauvoo *Expositor* was lying in the mud, and seventeen days after my baptism the Prophet and his brother Hyrum were slain.

We returned to our home in St. Louis until the fall, going again to Nauvoo in October. I was ordained one of the seventy Elders under the hands of President Joseph Young the eighth day of October, 1844, and also married Maria W. Richards, December 10, 1844. After marriage I took my wife to St. Louis, which was my home. I removed with my wife and mother, the following spring, to Nauvoo, where I bought a lot and built a brick house of four rooms. In the winter of 1845-46 I worked in the temple, painting, and then making wagon boxes for those brethren who were obliged to escape over the Mississippi river preparatory to their exodus to the Rocky mountains.

I with my wife and mother had our endowments in the temple at Nauvoo, the upper part of which had been finished for that purpose.

In the spring of 1846, I gave my house and lot for an old yoke of oxen and a wagon with the furniture and all that was in the house, and a yoke of unbroken steers, all worth about one hundred and fifty dollars; it was more a gift than a sale. We commenced our journey, I think, in May; arrived at Pisgah, a stopping place of the Saints. In due time we reached Council Bluffs, and camped on Mosquito creek. In the night a terrible storm came, and that night our first baby was born, July 26, 1846, and one month after that storm my

mother died, August 26, 1846. She had been much exposed and fatigued, and really died a martyr to the truth. My wife and myself were taken down with fever and ague, from which we suffered months.

It was now winter and we had crossed the Missouri river and joined the Saints at Winter Quarters. Our baby was so sick that it was a perfect skeleton and at death's door. One morning, as Father John Smith, the patriarch, was passing our door, we called him in to bless the child, after which it began to improve, and is living today—our daughter Cynthia. We suffered with lots of other Saints for the commonest necessities of life, until we had only corn enough for one meal,—and should we grind it for supper or breakfast? I killed one of my oxen for our benefit, but the others died or were stolen.

I got back to St. Louis, where we stayed until 1852, when we started again for the valley of Salt Lake. On arriving at Council Bluffs, our starting point with teams, I was taken sick and continued so until we arrived at Fort Laramie, where we camped for a general clean up. While resting, I began to improve so fast that in a short time I was chosen captain of the night guard.

Arrived in Salt Lake City September 13, 1852, in perfect health.

It had always been my intention to establish myself in business at my trade, but it being known that I could turn my hand to anything, I was asked by President Joseph Young of the Seventies to go into Big Cottonwood canyon and see what I could do with the saw mill owned by the Seventies, which was doing nothing. I accepted his offer, although it was new business for me, as I had never but once been in a circular-sawmill, and found this mill almost no mill at all. I remodeled portions of it, and did saw some lumber there, remaining at the mill until it was unsafe on account of the Indians, who were doing much mischief.

In 1854 President Brigham Young desired me to finish a machine that was being constructed for boring pump logs. I finished the machine without difficulty, but the boring of the logs was quite another thing. As there was no one to instruct me, I had to experiment myself. However, I overcame every obstacle, and success crowned my efforts. After putting down about three-fourths of a mile of pump logs to the Endowment House, on



COUNCIL BLUFFS.

orders of President Young, the work was abandoned, as the wooden logs did not prove satisfactory to him.

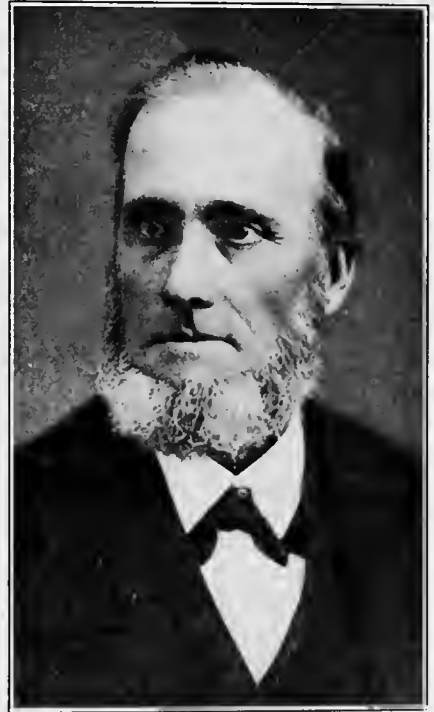
My next venture was with a thrashing machine for President Young, which lasted all summer. In the winter of 1855 and 1856 I made chairs in the public works, President Young taking sixteen dozen of different kinds, and some of these chairs are as good today as they were when I made them fifty years ago.

In the fall of 1856 I went by request of President Young into City Creek canyon to run his sawmill, which had been erected during the summer; at the mouth of North Fork, eight miles from the Eagle Gate. In the fall of 1857 I built a shop at one end of the mill, and brought the chair machinery I had used in the public works, and made chairs during the winter when we could not run the mill.

On July twenty-fourth I was with the company of Saints and President Young at Clear Lake, Big Cottonwood, when the news was brought to us that an army was coming to destroy us. There was no fear—all was calm and peaceful. Returning to the city, I went to my work up the canyon at the mill, where I sawed thousands upon thousands of feet of lumber—forty thousand feet went to Camp Floyd. The lumber for our theatre and Tabernacle, including the roof of the latter—look at the shape of the timber that makes it self-sustaining, the shape they are sawed in and put together—was all prepared at this mill; and I could enumerate lots of other places which we supplied, but it is not necessary.

I worked well and faithfully while there was a log to saw into lumber in City Creek canyon at the North Fork. Other brethren helped me, as it requires several men to run a sawmill. I was the man that ran the saw; also I worked two winters in helping to build our organ, and at another time put a steam sawmill up in Lamb's

canyon for Joseph A. Young. I worked for over twenty years for President Brigham Young, altogether; and I also took a steam sawmill up Little Cottonwood for Brother Samuel Woolley in 1869 or 1870, and put it up and ran it for several years at Alta. Then I was called by President Brigham Young to take a steam sawmill down to Mount Trumbull, and put it up, and make lumber for the St. George



WALTER ELI WILCOX.

temple. Some of the timbers that I sawed were forty feet long, twelve by twenty-four inches through, for the temple at St. George, with lots of other lumber besides.

When I returned home I was afflicted with a palsy in my left arm and hand, and could not hold anything in it. In 1858 the fifty-seventh quorum of Seventies was organized and I was chosen third in the council, Brother D. D. McArthur being the senior president. He was soon after

made a bishop. Second one in the council was suspended; since which time I was senior president of the quorum for a period of forty years, when I was ordained a High Priest, on the 31st day of December, 1898.

When I came home from the south I went to night-watching at Davis & Howe's foundry; and afterward I took charge of the Asylum for Dr. Seymour B. Young a couple of years, and then for Judge Smith. I took care of the county sick and poor for several years; and since May 25, 1885, I have worked in the temples, commenc-

ing at the date above at Logan. Then I served a term in the penitentiary for having more than one wife, after which I resumed my work in the temple, and from June 15, 1894, commencing at the holidays, until the present time, in our temple at Salt Lake, only staying away for sickness. My pleasure is in my work for the dead, which I have been so fortunate in getting, which I thank my heavenly Father for.

I remain, your brother in the gospel of Christ.

Walter Eli Wilcox.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

TALES OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD.

III.

NELDA WILSON'S DEBUT.



EE, do be careful!" exclaimed Lettie, as she clung to the seat of the buggy. "You came within six inches of the edge then."

The Sunday School party were coming down a steep dugway, and the wheels of the buggy came too near the precipice to suit Lettie who was sitting on the first seat with the driver.

"Well," said Lee, "I'm trying to be like the Irishman in the story—but this road is not very wide, I can tell you."

In a few minutes they were safely down the dugway and the horses were slowly climbing a long hill on the other side.

"Well," said Sister Gertrude, "what about the Irishman in the story, Lee?"

"Haven't you heard it?"

"No."

"The story is as follows," began Lee: Once upon a time—oh, it isn't a fairy tale, Sister Gertrude—a man advertised for a stage driver, and three men applied for the position. It was explained to each applicant that the road over which he would

have to drive contained many dangerous places, narrow dugways, to tip over which meant certain death. 'Now,' said the owner to the first applicant, 'how near can you drive to the edge of the precipice without tipping over?'

"The first man was profuse in his explanations of how near he could drive with safety. The same question was then put to the second man, and he said *he* could drive within an inch and not tip the stage over.

"Very good," said the owner. 'And now, Pat,' said he to the third man, who was an Irishman, 'how near can you drive?'

"'Bejabbers, I don't know how *near* I kin drive,' replied Pat, 'but I'll kape away from the edge as far as I kin.' Pat got the job."

After the laugh had subsided Sister Brown spoke up from the rear. "That's a good story to tell the children—application: keep away as far as possible from danger and temptation."

"That's why I put you on the back seat today, Sister Brown," said Lee over his shoulder."

The mountain range over which they

were climbing lay on the edge of the Great American Desert; and when, after an afternoon's climb the travelers reached the top of the highest divide, they looked out over a grand view. On one side lay the desert, barren and gray until it reached the shining waters of the Great Salt Lake. On the other side were the mountains, and the observers were so high that they could look over three small ranges to the higher Wasatch one hundred miles away. The blue of the distant peaks blended with the blue of the sky, and the white patches of snow on the mountain summits could hardly be distinguished from the clouds which rested on the far horizon. The air was clear. In the distance only was there a haze which bathed mountain and plain in purple tints.

"It reminds me of the ocean," said Brother Miles, "vast, solemn, and grand.

" 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," quoted Lee. "I have hauled wood from those mountains when they didn't look like that."

The descent was made in good time, and at the close of the afternoon they came in sight of the house where they were to stop for the night. At this house there lived a friend of Lettie's, one whom she had not seen for a number of years, Lettie was therefore on the eager lookout.

As they drove down from the canyon into the broad valley, the house disappeared behind a low bank, but they soon saw it again.

"It's not a very large house," said Lettie.

"But the barns and sheds are larger," suggested Brother Miles; "and that's the important thing on a ranch, you know."

"Yes, but—think of Nelda Wilson living away out here and in a but like that!"

They drove across a rattling pole bridge which spanned the creek, and stopped in the open space in front of the house. One ought perhaps to hesitate in calling the

structure a house. The walls were built of logs and old railroad ties. The roof was of clay. There was no chimney, but the stove pipe stuck out from one side and then formed an angle upward. There was one door, and, as far as could be seen, only one window.

At the sound of the stopping buggy, the door opened and a young woman came out. She was dressed in a loose wrapper. A mass of brown hair lay in folds on a shapely head. Lettie jumped from the buggy and ran up to her, and soon there was much commotion in the way of exclamations of joy and surprise.

The two then came back to the buggy, and Lettie introduced her friends to Sister Nelda Wilson, an old-time school friend, "but now married and settled, and making her fortune, no doubt."

The young woman laughed merrily at Lettie's explanations. "This is a great surprise," she said, "but you are all very welcome, and I am pleased to see and to know you all." She gave Lettie another hug. "Dick is not at home yet, but you will find plenty of hay and room in the sheds. You may find some hay, but you won't find much room in the house—but come in anyway."

Although clay covered the roof, that roof protected a house simple, yet neat and clean. There were but two rooms. In one was the table and kitchen utensils. The stove stood in the temporary brush kitchen at the rear. In the other room were the bed and the piano. Besides the bed was a smaller one, in which lay sleeping a baby. The doors and windows were protected by wire screens, and there was not a fly in the house. A few good pictures were on the whitewashed walls, and there were some flowering plants in the windows.

They all had to take a quiet peep at the sleeping baby.

Lee said it looked just like its father.

"Do you know Dick?" asked the mother.

"Oh, no; but I'm pretty good at guessing; and then one must try to say the right thing in the presence of a baby—and especially such a sweet one as this is. I believe I'll wake it."

"Sh—don't you dare!" "said Sister Gertrude.

Then Dick came home. He had been to the postoffice, and had the letter telling him of the expected visit, so he was not surprised. Dick was a big, good-looking young man, dressed in blue overalls and jumper. His straw hat had an immense rim, which made it valuable as a fan. He was a bright, jolly good fellow, and he made the company soon feel at home. He awoke the baby; then carried it out to the company, holding it up and tossing it up in the air until it crowed with delight.

After supper that evening they gathered around the piano and sang Sunday School songs. Then the young wife was prevailed upon to get out her music, and after many excuses as to lack of practice, she sat down to the instrument. It soon became evident that the performer was an artist, one who could equally as well have graced the concert hall as she now added beauty and culture to the rough, hard ranch life.

The men spent the night in the hay sheds while the "women-folks" slept indoors. The next morning the travelers were on their way early, and they enjoyed the cool morning air as they went up hill and down dale.

"We'd better have Lettie's story this morning," said Brother Miles.

"My story?" asked Lettie, "what story?"

"The story of your friend back in the ranch house," was the reply.

"Yes," said Sister Gertrude. "you know you two lay awake half the night talking. She must have told you a lot."

"She did—and I'll tell it to you. Lee, don't drive so fast. I can't tell a connected story and be jolted like that."

Lee promised to "be good," and then Lettie began:

"Nelda Johnson and I were schoolmates. We passed through the grades together and then the high school. Nelda—note the name. It tends to something more artistic than a farmer's wife, doesn't it?"

"There is nothing more artistic than a *successful* farmer's wife," interrupted Lee—"the kind I'm going to get."

"Nelda was a bright girl, apt at learning, and a great favorite. She was the school organist, and her parents made many sacrifices, I am sure, to get the piano which she has taken with her into this desert. She early showed her talent as a musician.

"It was during the third year of our high school work that Nelda began to talk of going to Boston and perhaps to Paris and Berlin to study music. Then she would come back and make her debut. But she had no money, neither had her parents, so it was all talk. However, Nelda did not give up. At the end of the year she took the county teacher's examination, got a certificate, and applied for a school. You all remember that little log schoolhouse which we passed yesterday afternoon, up on that sage-brush hill? Well, that's where Nelda Johnson taught her first and last school. The salary was only thirty-five dollars a month, but as she couldn't spend any of it out here she thought she would be able to save enough to take her to Boston, after a time.

"Well, she told me what a time she had—how terribly lonesome and homesick she was; but you can well imagine that. The children had such long distances to travel that the school was closed during the coldest part of the winter. The school therefore extended well into the summer months. It was at the beginning of the second part of her school year that Nelda's little romance began.

"Dick Wilson came from Salt Lake.

Nelda had a slight acquaintance with him as he had graduated from the L. D. S. High School the year we entered. I have but a faint remembrance of him. He had tried a number of things in the city, but his health was not good, so he invested his all in a ranch out here and came to take charge. Nelda met him at the small ward gathering, and like two thirsty travelers in a desert, they both were drawn to the oasis.

"It wasn't quite so lonesome after that. During the long spring afternoons when school was out Dick often rode up to the schoolhouse and helped her put her lessons on the board for the next day. He writes a beautiful hand, I am told. Springtime out here in the wild desert, you must all know, is much more impressive than anywhere else. Spring is the one brief season of the year when there is grass on the hills and the few trees and bushes appear in their glory. Well, that will do for the first chapter.

There was a pause wherein Lee whistled softly, but said nothing.

"When her little school closed that summer, Nelda had forgotten about her well-planned career and her grand debut. She went home, but left her heart out here in the wilderness. Dick wrote such pathetic letters of his lonesomeness! It was a long way to Salt Lake, and Dick spent more time on the road back and forth than was good for the ranch. This he acknowledged to Nelda, and Nelda had to agree with him. What could be done? There was only one

way out of the difficulty argued Dick, and that was that he and she should get from the Bishops of their respective wards a written permit for them to enter the temple, that they should spend the day in that sacred building, and then with such a good start go out on the ranch. That was the only thing that would save the ranch, he said—and the ranch was worth saving.

"There was a struggle, of course, but love conquered. When Nelda had once made up her mind, visions of the crude, log hut and the rough, wild life did not dismay her. She would be with him at the beginning. Together they would work and establish themselves. A cosy home nest can be built in the most forbidding place—and Nelda has demonstrated its truth. She says she is perfectly happy. She still has her music, and more than all else, a good, true husband and a priceless treasure of a baby. I think Nelda has made her debut, and a glorious future is before her—end of my story."

There was a pause and then Lee, turning to Lettie, said:

"Lettie, have you had much experience on a farm?"

"Lettie," said Brother Miles, "you can now never say that you've never had a proposal. Look at Lee, he's actually blushing."

"Well, I've no objection to that interpretation," said the driver, as he touched up the horses with his whip.

Nephi Anderson.

FRIENDSHIP.

Lo, in the hour of need I called on thee,
 Asking thy friendship's none too heavy toll,
 Comrades were we when I was glad and whole,
 And yet thou can'st not, and at last I see
 Twain are the ways of friendship, and there be
 One that laughs with us o'er the fragrant bowl,
 And one that wanders with the troubled soul,
 In the great silence of Gethisemane.

I can forgive, and while glad days abound,
 Thou shalt be with me; but when Autumn
 flings
 The rose leaf and the wine cup to the ground,
 Then would I call upon the heart that hears
 With intimate love the depths of human things,
 The eye that knows the sanctity of tears.

George Sylvester Vrebeck.

SHORT STORIES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

VII.

THE SECRET CHAMBER.



HE Whitmer's were sitting round the hearth one evening in May, 1829. Their home, you may remember, was in Fayette, about thirty miles from Manchester, where Joseph the Prophet used to live before he went to Harmony. There were six persons in this family group—Mr. and Mrs. Whitmer, with four of their children. Some of these you may have heard of many times, for there were John, David, Peter, and Elizabeth. All of them were grown, though, except Elizabeth, who was only nine years of age.

David, who was twenty-four years old, held in his hand an open letter, which he had been reading to the family. It was from Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, then in Harmony, Pennsylvania, and declared that the work of translation was endangered, owing to mobs, and that, when Joseph had enquired of the Lord as to what he should do, the Lord had directed him to write to the Whitmers to ask if David would not take him and Oliver to Fayette, where they could finish in safety their sacred task.

"I don't see how you can possibly go," said the father. "There's that piece of land—twenty acres—to plow and harrow, besides that plaster to spread; and if it isn't done now, it'll be too late to put in the crop. We must strike while the iron's hot, as the saying is."

"That's exactly what I've been thinking," replied David. "The work has to be done now if it is done at all. Besides, I don't see why they should be in such a hurry about coming."

You see David and the rest of the family did not believe strongly enough that Joseph and Oliver were engaged in the

work of the Lord, and that *that* was of more importance than to plow a few acres of land. Nor did they understand how sorely pressed by opposition were those young men.

Nevertheless, there was something about the whole affair that would not let David rest.

"I suppose," he said presently, "I may go as soon as I have done this field work?"

"Why, certainly," answered the father. "While I don't know positively that



DAVID WHITMER.

Joseph really has any gold plates, still I believe he has; and, if so, it is our duty to give him such assistance as we can. Yes, you may go as soon as the farm work's done."

That night David thought about the matter a good deal. He was anxious to go right away, as requested in the letter. But how could he? At last, he decided to pray that if this was the work of the Lord, he might be able to do his farming in a shorter time than he would under ordinary

circumstances, so that he might hasten his trip to Pennsylvania. After this decision he felt greater peace and satisfaction, and so fell asleep.

On going out into the field next morning, David found to his astonishment that between five and seven acres of land had been plowed during the night. He didn't know who did it, but it was done just as well as he could have done it himself; and the plow was left standing in the furrow. But that was not all. When he came to harrow that piece of ground, he decided not to cut it up into what the farmers call



EMMA SMITH.

“lands,” but to drive round the whole of it. At noon he discovered that fully half of the wheat had been harrowed in. And so, that afternoon, he was able to finish the work, which would otherwise have taken him two days.

His father, on going out to the field that night was surprised beyond measure at what had been done. “Surely,” he exclaimed, “there must be an overruling hand in this! I think that as soon as you finish sowing your plaster of paris on that other field, you would better go down to Pennsylvania.” Mr. Whitmer did not

know that this was part of the sign which David had desired of the Lord.

Nor was even this all. The next day when David, with wooden measure, went out to sow the plaster of paris, which he had left in heaps two days before, near his sister's house, he found that those heaps had disappeared. He ran to his sister's and inquired whether she knew what had become of it.

“What do you want to ask me for?” she asked in surprise. “Wasn't it sowed yesterday?”

“Why no,” he replied, “not to my knowledge.”

“That's strange,” she exclaimed. “The children came to me in the forenoon, begging me to go out and see the men sow plaster in the field. They declared they never saw anybody do it so fast in their lives. I went out, and sure enough, as the children said, there were three men at work sowing the plaster at such a rate! Supposing, though, that you had hired them, I came back to the house and paid no further attention to them.”

David wondered who those three men could have been. He inquired of all the neighbors nearby, but none of them could give him any information beyond the fact that there had been some men at work. No doubt, after the Book of Mormon had been published and David had read certain parts of it, he had less difficulty in accounting for those three men.

These miraculous manifestations convinced the Whitmers that there was something divine connected with the work which they were asked to aid in performing. So David hastened to harmony for Joseph and Oliver.

It was a long journey, as you know—about one hundred and forty miles—and had to be made with a team and a heavy wagon. But even this journey David was able to make in much less time than he had ever heard of its having been made before.

When he approached Harmony he found that Joseph and Oliver had come a considerable distance to meet him. How did they know he was coming at all, much less know when he would arrive, for he had not sent them word? That was the question which David could not get out of his mind.

Oliver, however, explained matters as soon as he and David got together alone. "The Prophet told me," said Oliver, "the exact time that you left home, where you stopped the first night, how you read the sign over the tavern, where you stopped the second night, and the hour that you would be here. Let me tell you, and see if it's right." And Oliver told David. It was exactly as it had all happened, and the two young men marvelled. Joseph was a seer (one who sees) as well as a prophet.

As soon as possible the three young men left Harmony for Fayette. Emma remained there for some time afterwards, but she followed them to the Whitmers. The reason why Joseph thought it wise to move from Harmony was, that Satan had stirred up the hearts of some of the people there against the work which Joseph and Oliver were doing, and they endeavored by every means to interfere with that work. They threatened not only the young men's peace and quiet but their very lives. At first Joseph's father-in-law, Mr. Hale, exerted his influence to protect the boys, but in the end even his good will failed to have any effect on the evil-disposed. And so the only thing to do was for the Prophet to move to a new place.

Once on this journey to Fayette, the three were riding at a leisurely pace, when a pleasant-looking old gentleman suddenly appeared by the side of the wagon as if to pass them. He was about five feet, eight or nine inches tall, rather heavy-set, and was dressed in a suit of brown woolen clothes. His hair and beard, some-

what heavy, were perfectly white. He had a kind of knapsack slung over his shoulder, in which was something heavy, shaped like a book.

"Good morning, sirs," he said. "It's rather warm," at the same time pulling a handkerchief from his pocket and mopping his forehead.

The three men in the wagon returned the salutation. At a sign from Joseph, David invited the stranger to ride with them.

But the latter said very pleasantly, "No, thank you; I'm on my way to Cumorah."

Then he suddenly disappeared. The young men looked around for him, but though there was nothing in the country through which they were passing that could hide him from their view, still he could nowhere be seen. David looked at Oliver and Joseph with amazement. Joseph, however, seemed to understand the situation.

"Cumorah! Cumorah!" David kept repeating to himself. "I've never heard that name before. It can't be a town in New York or Pennsylvania!"

And then noticing the look of intelligence on the faces of both his companions he plied Joseph with questions. The Prophet then told him all.

"The person who appeared and disappeared so suddenly, a moment ago," Joseph explained, "was Moroni, the keeper of the Record. Just before leaving Harmony, I was in a quandary as to how I should carry the Plates, and the Angel appeared and said he would take them and that he would return them to me when I got to your home. It was the Plates he had on his back in the knapsack."

On reaching the Whitmers, Joseph went to the barn, and here the angel restored the plates to him. He deposited them in a secret place in the barn, where he kept them during the whole time he stayed with the family.

Once David saw something which led him to suppose that the Plates were secreted there, whereupon he asked Joseph if it was so, and the Prophet replied frankly that it was. But David never thought of touching them.

All this happened in May, you must remember. Well, from now on the translation went on very rapidly. In a few weeks it was finished. The work was done upstairs in the loft. Here Joseph would dictate from behind curtains to Oliver Cowdery, or when Oliver's hand became weary to John Whitmer, or David, or sometimes even to his wife, Emma.

You can easily imagine that during all this time the matter of providing for this big family of nine persons was no slight matter. The burden of the work fell upon the shoulders of Mrs. Whitmer. You know there was only little Elizabeth to help her with the house work. Besides, there was a good deal of outside labor which was performed in those days by the women folks—the cows to milk, the chicken to feed, and other such tasks.

Mrs. Whitmer, however, though she felt the weight of her increased duties, did not complain. She was a good, kind woman, and anxious to do her share to help along the work of the Lord. But that share was a large one, and was becoming harder every day.

One morning something happened which made her feel that, after all, her burden was very light and easy to bear. She was about to enter upon her task of milking the cows, when suddenly without any warning of his presence a strange man appeared before her. It was the same man that had appeared to David, Joseph, and Oliver on their way from Harmony to Fayette. He held in his hands a book of golden plates beautifully engraved, which he showed her.

"You have been faithful and diligent in your labors," he said, "but you are tired

because of your increase of toil; it is proper therefore that you should receive a witness; that your faith may be strengthened and your fortitude remain.

About this same time others were shown the plates, some by the Prophet Joseph and others by the Angel Moroni.

As soon as the translation was finished, Joseph sent word to his father and mother at Manchester to come to Fayette. So they came bringing Martin Harris. One morning, when these three, Joseph, Oliver, Emma, and the Whitmer family were together, they sang a hymn, read a chapter from the scriptures and had prayers. Rising from his knees, Joseph went up to Martin Harris and said earnestly:

"Martin you will have to humble yourself mightily before the Lord this day, so as to obtain a remission of your sins, and if you do, it is the will of God that you should view the plates with Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer!"

After breakfast, these four men, Joseph, Oliver, David, and Martin—went into a grove not a great way from the house. Upon reaching a quiet spot, they all knelt down and prayed for the Lord to show them the Plates. First Joseph prayed, then Oliver, then David and Martin. But there was no vision or heavenly manifestation. They prayed again, each in turn as before. Yet there was no answer.

"I'm to blame for this," said Martin Harris, rising, "I'll leave you and go off by myself. It may be that the Lord will answer then." And he went away.

The three prayed again. No sooner had they begun to pray than they were surrounded by a holy light, "not like the light of the sun, nor like that of fire, but more glorious and beautiful," in which was standing the Angel Moroni, with the golden book in his hand and a table near him. On this table were the brass plates spoken of in the Book of Mormon, the plates of

the Book of Ether, and many other plates.

Looking at David the heavenly messenger said solemnly, "Blessed is the Lord and he that keeps His commandments." Then a voice spoke out of the heavens: "These Plates have been revealed by the power of God. The translation of them which you have seen is correct, and I command you to bear record of all you now see and hear." And the vision closed.

Leaving Oliver and David, Joseph then went in search of Martin Harris. Martin was a little way off praying steadfastly by himself. When Joseph came up, the two joined in their petition to the Lord that the plates might be shown. Presently, while they prayed the Angel appeared as before, and exhibited the plates, and the voice of the Lord uttered the same words that had been spoken to the Prophet and his two companions. Martin, overcome with joy, cried out: "'Tis enough! Mine eyes have beheld! Mine eyes have beheld!"

After this, the plates were shown by the Prophet to eight others, while they were on their way to Manchester from Fayette. He passed them around from one man to another, so that each held them in his hands and examined the beautiful engravings on the golden leaves. The testimony and the names of these men, together with the testimony of the three witnesses, you may read on the fly leaf in the Book of Mormon.

The translation of the Plates having been finished at last, it remained for Joseph to make a final disposition of them.

On the 22nd of September, 1827, he took them for the first time from the hands of the Angel. It was now some time in the summer, (probably June) of 1829. He had had the Plates in his possession therefore, nearly two years. During this time, he had taken the greatest care of them. Enemies had endeavored by every means to wrest them from him, and had failed. He had guarded them as his most sacred pos-

session. In order to do this he had resorted to all kinds of devices while he remained a Manchester. From there he had moved to Harmony, in Pennsylvania, where he might perform his work free from molestations. From that place, too, he had been forced to flee in order to continue his labors free from disturbances. Once the sacred volume had been taken from him because of his disobedience,—to his most exquisite pain. During all these months, eighteen or nineteen, the one supreme thought on his mind, by day and by night, concerned the Nephite Record and its care.

And now the time had come for him to part with his treasure. He was to give it up to one with whom it would be perfectly safe from attacks by mobs. How it must have torn his heart to give it up. It was like parting from a dear, intimate companion! There must have been many a pang in his bosom as he went for the last time to the Hill! But there was this consolation: there would be no further strain upon him to preserve the Record from the gaze of envious or wicked eyes.

That last journey was made by Joseph and Oliver. Joseph and Oliver! How fit, how appropriate, that these two faithful heart-companions should have been together at the last! They had toiled together for many weary months at their holy task; they had shared each other's burdens and fears, and had partaken of each other's joys—such joys, too, as few mortals experience!

We do not know when it was that these two made this last trip to Cumorah, but doubtless it was at night. They would scarcely have ventured to do so in the broad daylight. Most probably, too, they performed the journey on foot. At all events, the two went to the Hill for the purpose of depositing the plates. Were they expecting to replace them in the stone box on the hillside? We do not know.

On reaching the hill, however, they were

astonished to find that it opened before them, and themselves ushered into its silent bosom! They were in a spacious room—a secret chamber—the walls of which were high. All around the two young men were great stacks of plates with writings on. Here and there and everywhere, too, were

long tables on which were piled other metallic records. Joseph carefully laid down the Plates of the Book of Mormon on one of the tables, glanced at them for the last time, and the two sadly took their departure from the hidden room.

John Henry Evans.

THE DOROTHY STORIES.

III.

TWO DREAMS AND A VISIT.



“O H dear,” said Jimmy one day, as Dorothy seated herself beside him, “Jimmy’s been bad, awful bad;” and he looked so funny with his mouth drawn down at the corners that she could scarcely suppress a smile.

“Tell me all about it,” she said.

“Well, I ’sulted nurse and broke the tail off my elphunt,” he began very soberly, “and all froo nasty medicine.”

“Oh Jimmy!” said Dorothy, “insulted nurse, how could you? such a kind nurse too.”

“Well,” went on Jimmy, “she said I must take it and I told her it was too nasty and I just knocked it out of her hand with my elphunt and it went all over nurse and the tail came off and now nurse don’t like me and I feel bad inside, and everything is all wrong, and I am sorry.”

“Well dear,” said Dorothy, “you can make it all right again, for if you apologize to nurse she will forgive you I am sure.”

“What is ’polgize?” asked Jimmy.

“When you are sorry and ask a person’s pardon if you have been naughty,” explained Dorothy. “Gentlemen are always willing to apologize,” she continued, “and you won’t feel happy until you have made it right with nurse.”

“Would Dr. Allen ’polgize?” asked Jimmy.

“Yes indeed, he would want to do so just as soon as he could; and now dear you now what is the right thing to do, and here is nurse coming now.”

“Nurse,” said Jimmy solemnly, as she came near, “I don’t feel good inside and I want to be a gentleman like Dr. Allen, so I ’polgize.”

The nurse looked at him for a moment, then bent and kissed him saying he was forgiven, and then all was sunshine again and Jimmy swallowed his medicine, though with a wry face, and promised to obey nurse.

“Now ‘Birdgirl’ sing,” and Dorothy sang a lullaby, after which a story was asked for.

“Once upon a time,” began Dorothy, “there was a little boy whose name was Arthur,”—

“Big as me?” asked Jimmy.

“Yes, just about your size, and he lived on a farm. He had a big dog named Prince who loved his little master very much.

When Arthur went out to play, his mother used to tell him not to go near the pond out in the field, and she always said to the dog, “Take care of Arthur, Prince, watch him old fellow,” and Prince would wag his tail and whine, as much as to say, “I promise,” and Arthur would promise too, and as a rule he kept his promises.

On this day as they went along gaily, having fine sport, a little rabbit jumped from among a heap of brush and ran

across the field. Prince followed a short distance but seemed to remember that he must stay with Arthur, and came back; but the little boy wanted to chase the rabbit, so he called to Prince and away they went. Before long Arthur found himself close to the pond and forgot the rabbit, as he remembered his promise to his mother. But the water looked so pretty he thought he would throw just one stone into the pond to see the pretty ripple it made.

Prince came and stood by the side of his master, who now picked up more stones, and as he threw them, forgot his promise altogether. Next he found some large leaves and threw them in, pretending they were boats; and as the water was too still to suit him, he got a long stick and reached out to push them. As he did so, he lost his balance and fell into the water with a loud cry, and as he sank he remembered his promise to his mother and oh how sorry he felt, and how frightened. Good Prince did not forget his promise, and in a moment he had jumped into the pond, and taking Arthur's clothing between his teeth he swam with him to the bank, and then he barked and howled with all his might.

Arthur's father was at work over on the other side of the pond and when he heard the pitiful howls of the dog he wondered if anything had happened to him and ran over, to find his little boy lying on the ground, crying with fright and cold. His father carried him home and when his mother saw what had happened, the look of sorrow on her face made Arthur feel too ashamed and sorry to look at her and he hung his head. Prince did not need to hang his head, and he looked at Arthur and then at Arthur's mother as much as to say "I didn't forget what you said to me," and then the mother put her arms around the good old dog's neck and hugged him, for she knew he had saved her little boy's life.

"Did Arthur 'polgize?" asked Jimmy with great interest.

"Yes," answered Dorothy, "he asked his mother to forgive him and when she found he was truly sorry, and he had promised to try to be a better boy she kissed him."

"I am glad, he 'polgized," said Jimmy gravely, "'cause then he'd feel better inside."

Dorothy now went to see Katherine Dayne, who was very much better and able to take a few steps without assistance, and who greeted her joyfully for they had become fast friends.

"Katherine," she said after a time, "Where will you go when you are able to leave the hospital, and what will you do?"

"I do not know," Katherine answered slowly, but God will provide for me." This was said in a tone of the deepest conviction, which brought tears to Dorothy's eyes.

"I have been greatly troubled about this," Katherine continued, "and I have prayed earnestly that God would show me what to do. One night I dreamed that my mother came to my bedside and said, 'Trust in God my child, He will provide for you.'"

When I awoke a feeling of peace came over me, such as I cannot describe, and then came the thought that God in his divine mercy, was restoring me to health, and that should be enough to show me that I was in His keeping, and so I am patiently waiting, trusting in His love.

"Since that time," went on Katherine, your father has told me that he knows of a position in the city for my brother Mark, and I have that pleasure to look forward to, as well. Dear little brother, I have missed him so much. Altogether Dorothy I have very much for which to be thankful."

"Katherine," said Dorothy gently, "I, too, had a dream, which I earnestly hope will come true. I dreamed that I had a

dear sister, who was coming to share my home and be a second daughter to my dear parents, who want her as badly as I do myself. Will you let my dream come true dear sister Katherine?"

The girl sat motionless for a few moments scarcely breathing trying to realize the meaning of Dorothy's words, and then she put her head on her shoulder and wept for joy.

"Can it be true?" she asked brokenly, "Are you sure you want me? Is it possible your parents are willing, or," she added wistfully, "am I dreaming?"

Dorothy assured her that it at least was no dream, and with the help of the nurse Katherine was soon ready to be assisted to

the waiting carriage, and in a short time they arrived at Dr. Allen's residence where she was received with open arms and loving words of welcome by the doctor and his wife.

The orphan raised her eyes and said, "Some day my own dear parents will thank you as you deserve, but my future life with you will prove my gratitude."

"There, there little girl," said Dr. Allen "no excitement. Dorothy wanted to try the Golden Rule, and we are more than willing to assist her, so here we are," and so with a prayer of thanksgiving on her lips and happiness in her heart, Katherine went home.

Annie Malin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HIS FIVE TALENTS.

A RICKETY wharf stood out into the Roanoke river as it flowed by riley and red. On the end of the wharf was a small freight shanty; against this freight shanty rested a cotton bale, and on top of the cotton bale sat a little darkey. A great morass covered with dead white grass, with here and there a stragglng pine that looked as though it had a hard time getting a living made up the sides of the picture and the view beyond the the river.

Not much of a place this, I thought, for an education, as I walked out onto the wharf toward the little darkey, and the thought suggested the question I put to him—"I want you to tell me everything in the wide world you know you can do." As an inducement I held up a bit of silver. Without comment he slid from the cotton bale to the planking, and without hesitation said, though he trembled in his short trousers—"I ken pull fodder, I ken cut off er ditch bank, I ken hoe cotton, I

ken pick cotton, I ken drap taters; I ken do dem tings, I can do dem tings *well*, a' dem's all I ken do." Here he stopped, and no inducement on my part could draw from him anything more.

To "pull fodder," meant to strip the blades from the corn-stalks, as feed for cattle, for there was no hay in that country. "To cut off er ditch bank" meant to cut the bushes from the banks that skirted the ditches dug around the rice fields, so that the watchman suapping his whip as he walked along might be seen by the rice birds. Then there was "weed cotton, pick cotton and drap taters."—five talents in all. I sailed away in the wheelbarrow steamer impressed by this simple answer. I felt humbled before the little darkey whose education and environment I had unwittingly questioned. It's a wise man who knows how many talents he has and knows how to use them all well.

John Warren Achorn.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - - NOVEMBER 1, 1907

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HOW TO READ.



WE have already discussed briefly in the editorial columns of the JUVENILE the value and necessity of cultivating the reading habit, and the kind of books one ought to read. We have also printed a list of books recommended for young people, and in this number of our magazine we print still another list recommended for old and young alike.

It is important now to consider *how* we should read these books that are recommended as sound and wholesome. It is doubtless true that nearly everyone reads books. But how many read from the right motive, or for the right purpose? In far too many cases, books are read only to be forgotten. The books chosen are too often of the trashy novel type, and are never taken up again, after having been once read. A world-famous literary critic says that he visited at one time the resi-

dence of a very wealthy man. The man of wealth was also a man of culture and travel. From every quarter of the globe he had brought priceless works of art in printing, in sculpture, in textile and in ceramic work. These things the critic admired duly, and then asked to be conducted to the library.

"Oh, I have no library," responded his host.

"But you read books, do you not?" asked the literary man.

"Most assuredly," came the reply. "But, you see, we read them on the train and on the steamers, and we leave them there when we have read them. You see, one never reads a book more than once."

And there, it is to be found, lies revealed the underlying principle of the reading of the great majority of would-be book-lovers. Novel after novel is read; but each in turn is read merely for the pleasurable excitement it affords, and not for any real practical value that it may impart. "You see, one never reads a book more than once."

And yet, a good book only once read, is really not read at all. So says the great Danish critic, Mr. George Brandes; and he gives the further interesting information that many books he has read as many as ten times each; and the books he loves the best, he has read so often that he has forgotten how often. Indeed, Mr. Brandes says that to know a book truly, one must know it almost by heart. That kind of reading unfortunately, not many of us have learned. Yet, it is that kind of reading we should do. Not how many books have we read, but how much have we got out of our reading, should be the question with each one of us. And to get the most out

of the thing we read, should always be our aim.

To realize this aim, we should first of all select books that have something to give to us. These books may be in the field of fiction, or of history, or of biography, or of science, or of philosophy, or of what not, so only we have a live interest in them. We should not force ourselves to read tedious and wearisome books, merely to be able to say that we have read them. Such forced reading will destroy rather than cultivate the reading habit. On the other hand, having once found a worthy subject that really interests us, we should follow it up, and read all we can possibly find on that subject. That will be intensive reading, and it is intensive reading that counts. It is better to read twenty books on one good subject, than to read twenty books on twenty different subjects. We should read, then, the thing that we have a live interest in, and read it intensively, exercising care only that the thing be wholesome and good.

Then we should read a book with true affection. We have selected it because its subject interests us. We should read it to grasp its full meaning. Every book that is worth while, has a purpose. We should never leave the book in hand till we have discovered that purpose, till we have caught the meaning of the book. Moreover, back of the book itself, is the author. In the book, stands revealed the soul of the author. With that soul we should become acquainted; and though in life we may never meet the physical presentment of the soul, we should still make it our friend, and grapple it to our souls with hooks of steel. The affectionate reading of one book; the discovery of its purpose and meaning; the vision of the soul behind the book,—will probably inspire the reading of other books by the same author. A connection may then be found between his various works, a common purpose in them

all, and the whole man will be revealed.

It might further be said that, when possible, we should read critically—to judge of peculiarities, of beauties, of strength, of weakness, of indebtedness to others, and so forth. Again, every book has a central or pivotal point, and we should read so as to find and hold that central point. But above all, we should read to appropriate the moral lessons of the books we read. It is not enough that we discover the purpose of the book, and its meaning, or that we learn to know through the book the man who wrote it. If the book is worth while, it was written to convey a moral lesson. That lesson we should learn, and appropriate to ourselves and apply in our own lives.

Such reading as we here recommend will make the information and the lesson of a book, the property of the reader. It will make him a deeply and widely informed man, and not a skimmer. It will so train his memory that it will be the faculty with which to remember, and not the faculty with which to forget. It will make him capable of prolonged application, of intensive study and research—in fact, of real scholarship.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Where is the passage of scripture which reads, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor"?

The passage may be found in Romans 13: 10. Paul explains to the Romans the duties of church members to civil rulers, and also duties governing honest dealing. The whole verse reads: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law."

Did John the Revelator ever die? If he did, when and where?

John, the beloved apostle, or the Revelator, has not yet passed through the last

change of death. Section seventh of the Doctrine and Covenants has the following caption:

Revelation given to Joseph Smith, Jun., and Oliver Cowdery, in Harmony, Pennsylvania, April, 1820, when they desired to know whether John, the beloved disciple, tarried on earth. Translated from parchment written and laid up by himself.

The first three paragraphs of John's own statement read thus:

"And the Lord said to me, John, my beloved, what desirest thou? For if ye shall ask what you will, it shall be granted unto you.

"And I said unto him, Lord, give unto me power over death, that I may live and bring souls unto thee.

"And the Lord said unto me, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, because, thou desirest this thing, thou shalt tarry until I come in my glory, and shalt prophesy before nations, kindreds, tongues and people." See also Section 77: 14.



TWENTY THOUSAND CHILDREN.

NOT so very long ago, we printed in the JUVENILE an excerpt from the *Spokesman Review* entitled "Mormon Sunday Schools best." In that article occur the following notes of special interest:

Among the Mormons, more, perhaps than any other denomination, it appears to be recognized that the body which makes the most of its Sunday School will have the greatest growth. * * * * *

Figures recently appearing in a newspaper item showing the per centage of increase among various religious bodies during the fifteen years from 1890 to 1905 were as follows: Catholic, 74 per cent; Episcopal, 52; Lutheran, 49; Methodist, 40; Congregational, 35; Baptist, 33. The Mormons are said to have increased during the same period at the amazing rate of 107 per cent. and the reason advanced is, that they have the best Sunday Schools in the country.

* * * * *

It has been estimated that 85 per cent of the

church membership must be looked for in the Sunday Schools. If the latter are neglected, if the present adult membership of the churches by carelessness or otherwise discourage the children from attending, it is not difficult to foresee what the ultimate result will be.

We believe it is true that we have the best Sunday School system in the country. We believe, too, that our "amazing" rate of increase is due largely to the efficiency of our Sunday Schools, and that something more than fifty per cent of the Church membership must be looked for in the Sunday Schools. Yet, in spite of these facts, comes the still more "amazing" information that there are in the Church 20,000 persons of Sunday School age not enrolled in the Sunday Schools.

Twenty thousand children unenrolled! More than five hundred children to a stake! The thing is almost incredible. Sunday School specialists sing our praises and pronounce our Sunday Schools better than the best sectarian schools in the land. Yet, in our comparatively small community, we have 20,000 children not enrolled in the Sunday Schools!

Why is it? Our sectarian friends say that Mormon parents make it a duty to see, that their children go to Sunday School, whereas among other denominations the subject seems to be a matter of entire unconcern to a large proportion of the parents. They say that in Mormon Sunday Schools there are forty per cent more men teachers than women; whereas in the Gentile churches the relative proportion is reversed. Yet there are 20,000 children of Sunday school age not enrolled in the Sunday Schools!

It is to be hoped that this terrible fact will sink deep into the hearts of the fathers and mothers of Israel, as also into the hearts of Sunday School officers and teachers. Without the fathers and mothers we can do nothing. We beg of them to help us in getting hold of the 20,000.

Parents, send your children to Sunday School. No, do not send them. Take them with you. The Parents' class will do you an inestimable amount of good, and you cannot afford to neglect the setting a proper example before your children.

To Sunday School officers and teachers we would say, Strive to make your Sunday Schools more interesting than ever—more efficient than ever. "The women make probably as capable teachers as the men," say our sectarian friends; "but there would be a moral effect in a larger participation of men, especially in its influence upon boys, that cannot be

denied." See to it, then, that you keep at least the present per cent of men teachers. The Seventies' movement now on foot will, of course, take some teachers from our Sunday Schools. But do not allow the ranks to remain depleted. Secure new teachers—profit by the changes and get better teachers than ever before—and get as many good men teachers as you can. Set on foot an active campaign for the enlistment of the 20,000. Let that be this year your special aim. Spare no efforts to accomplish your noble purpose. *Resolve to perform what you ought: perform without fail what you resolve.*



THE OBJECT OF SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

ALL the Church organizations work to establish and strengthen the members in their testimonies of the truth of the Gospel. The testimony or knowledge of the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is not invariable, but differs with different persons and changes during the life of any one person. It may be said to be a measure of the spiritual growth of a man or woman, and in that sense it is the final result of all the experiences of our lives. It is not possible for any one organization to give to its members all the material necessary for complete faith in the Gospel; the best any organization can do is to select some part or phase of the work and deal with that

exhaustively. Other parts of the work must be left to other organizations.

In the selection of the part of the work to be attacked, every organization is governed by the material of which it is made up, and it must necessarily adapt its work to the capacity of its members. Therefore, in the quorums of the higher priesthood, which are composed chiefly of men of ripe experience and familiarity with the fundamental principles of the Gospel, the deeper problems of the Gospel are discussed, and the members are as ready to teach as to be taught; while in the lower quorums of the priesthood, which are composed of young, inexperienced men, the first principles of the Gospel are studied in the most elementary manner under the tuition of some older person. The more

perfect the adaptation of worker to work, the more perfect will the result of the work be. The failures in an organization which is not producing the expected results are in most cases due to a want of appreciation of this principle.

Since, according to this reasoning, the work, and consequently the immediate object of an organization is determined by the nature of the members of the organization, it follows that in discussing the object of Sunday School work the individuals that make up the Sunday School must first be considered. Leaving the Theological department out of consideration, the Sunday School is made up of children ranging in age from three to fifteen years. The minds of these children, especially in the two lower departments, are characterized by a great freedom from firmly fixed preconceived notions, and by a great power of receiving and retaining new impressions. In other words, the Sunday School worker has to deal with immature, undeveloped minds.

In all other organizations of the Church the greater part of the work is done by appeals to the reason or moral nature of the members. In Sunday School work this is impossible, for the reasoning faculties of the children have not yet been awakened, or at the best are in the first stages of development; and their moral senses are in such a stage of growth that they cannot be safely used. Moreover, the children are with us but an hour or two each week, so that the main growth of their moral natures and their reasoning powers will be due to influences outside of the Sunday School. Limited thus by the immature condition of the children, it would seem at first that the best the Sunday School can do is to keep the boys and girls out of mischief on Sunday mornings.

Moreover, the old saying of Solomon, that "Train up a child in the way he should walk, and when he is old he

will not depart from it," contains a truth which, if intelligently applied in Sunday School work, will make its results of the greatest benefit to the members of the Church at the time when they must gain for themselves the testimony essential to their salvation. It is a fact that has been recognized as far back as history goes, that whatever is learned early in life, is seldom forgotten in old age; that the best time in which to produce lasting impression is early childhood. Plato, the philosopher, in building up an ideal commonwealth, speaks at length on the training which the children who are to become the ideal citizens should receive, and emphasizes especially the idea that no matter what training may be given in later life, if the early training has been defective, the results will be doubtful. This truth concerning mind growth should be fully grasped by all Sunday School workers, and applied with the greatest vigor. We cannot explain to the children the reason for this or that ordinance. We do not explain the grandeur of the Gospel structure when viewed as a whole. We can only impress upon their minds a number of truths concerning the Gospel whether they be understood or not, trusting that in the future the material so obtained will find use.

The object of Sunday School work is similar to the object of a certain mining company, which owned a very rich deposit of gold ore situated far away from any mills. The company immediately sent to the large cities for the machinery for a mill and began to build it near the ore deposit. While the mill was building, a large force of men was employed to get out ore and fill all the storehouse with it, so that when the mill was finished it could start to run. The child's mind is such a mill; soon it will be ready to work the ore and it is necessary that the ore be plentiful and of high grade if good yields shall be

obtained. Enemies of the mining company might have found it profitable to have ore of a low grade taken out, or valueless rock substituted, so that the first runs of the mill would prove so low as to condemn the whole property. Humanity has many enemies, and a child cannot be given too much raw material of a high grade to be worked up when the mind is mature enough,

This view of the object of Sunday School work justifies much to which those not actively engaged in it object. Many feel when the children are reciting the Articles of Faith that it is only parrot work—that the Articles have no living meaning to the children, and that it would be better to teach the meaning of one article than to memorize the whole list. Such objections would be valid if the Sunday School were for the child as he is, with no thought for his future; but he who speaks or thinks thus does not yet understand truly the object of the Sunday School. Consider the admonition, repeated frequently when God is to be addressed, "Bow your heads and close your eyes." A child who follows this instruction does not necessarily show a greater devotion to God or a better understanding of the reason why he does it than his unruly neighbor, but he shows simply a greater obedience. Yet there will come a time when the mind, with the faculties developed, will assert itself and ask, "Why should I bow my head and close my eyes when God is addressed?" To that mind will come the answer with a fuller revelation of the nature and majesty of God than can ever be received by him whose early training has not made this manner of devotion a habit, but to whom it is only incidental. For the same reason the repetition of the elementary truths of our Gospel is justified. Certain forms of our worship should be so familiar to the child as to be followed instinctively, without any conscious effort of the will. Certain

truths of the Gospel, such as, for instance, the Articles of Faith, should be so firmly fixed upon the mind as to be a part of the innate knowledge of the child. Out of that unconsciousness, permeated with truth, there will arise, as the mind develops and becomes independent, a rich consciousness of the reasonableness and the beauty of the doctrines of Christ

The Sunday School is not the place for the teaching of miscellaneous subjects. Let us leave worldly knowledge to other schools. Our time will be fully occupied with the instilling into the minds of the pupils such Gospel principles as will produce a generation with unbreakable testimonies. The work must not be done with an eye for today or tomorrow; but the work must ever look into the future, and labor for the men and women who will develop from the children under our care.

The object of Sunday School work is not, then, to give the children a very clear idea of the reasons for things or to furnish them with a living testimony of the truth of the Gospel. Whatever can be done in this direction is good, but very little can be done with marked results. The object of the work is to impress upon the children that things are so, that they must be done so, in order to furnish material readily available for the later building of an independent faith.

Dr. John A. Wittsøe.

ENLISTMENT OF THE UNENROLLED.

To the Superintendency and Members of the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union:

DEAR BRETHREN:—Your committee on the enlisting of the unenrolled, desire to report that we have considered the subject carefully, and feel that the number of Latter-day Saint children between the ages of four and twenty years, unenrolled in our Sunday Schools (19,938 in year 1906) is so great as to merit active and continued effort to remedy this condition by all engaged in Sunday School work.

We accordingly recommend:

1st. That a standing committee on enlistment be appointed by the General Board to see that all within the Sunday School age are enrolled in and attend the Sunday Schools.

2nd. That in the respective stakes one of the assistant stake superintendents be given charge of the enrollment, and take active steps to carry out the instructions of the General Board, and report to the stake superintendent, who will in turn report quarterly to the General Board, the progress of this work in his stake.

3rd. One of the ward assistant superintendents shall have charge of the enrollment, and should meet in Stake Union meetings with the assistant stake superintendent having the matter in hand, and receive instructions and reports monthly of the condition of this work in the respective wards.

4th. In local board meetings, representatives from each class should report weekly to the ward assistant superintendent having the enrollment in charge, the progress made in enlisting and retaining as regular attendants the pupils in the respective classes.

In this way a comprehensive system of instructions and of reports is involved; and, if carried out, is sure to result in bringing all into the Sunday Schools; and once there, the duty of interesting and retaining them should be earnestly and diligently attended to.

In order to be able to reach all those who are unenrolled, we suggest that a careful and thorough census of each ward be made by the Sunday School teachers, or others under the supervision of the assistant superintendent having charge of the enrollment.

After taking this census, which should be compiled with care and preserved for future reference, the names should be carefully compared with the names of those who regularly attend. The names of all who are not in regular attendance at the school should then be classified according to their natural position or graduation in the Sunday School and lists be carefully made of all absentees in these respective grades. The heads of departments or senior class teachers should receive these lists and endeavor by personal visits to secure the attendance of the absentees in the Sunday School, and such department teachers should call upon others of influence, or even upon the pupils or companions of those desired for enrollment, to assist in the work.

After visiting a non-attendant, and exhausting all methods of personal persuasion, the

teacher should follow up the work, if thought prudent, by correspondence, and by mailing copies of lessons, outlines, etc., and thus endeavor to awaken an interest in the hearts of the unenrolled in the Sunday School work.

Of course, this work, as all other matters in the Sunday School shall be under the general supervision of the respective superintendents.

Respectfully submitted,

Your brethren,

GEORGE M. CANNON,
GEORGE D. PYPER,
THOMAS B. EVANS,
Committee.

SOME STANDARD BOOKS.

PRETTY nearly ninety-nine per cent of the popular novels of the day are not worth the paper on which they are printed. In the following list, however, are some standard novels. If you must read novels—and the reading of really good novels is not to be condemned—read such novels as these:

Frances Burney—Evelina, Cecilia.

Maria Edgeworth—Castle Rackrent, The Absentee.

Sir Walter Scott—Ivanhoe, Guy Mannering, Rob Roy, Kenilworth, Quentin Durward, The Talisman, Old Mortality.

Thackeray—Vanity Fair, Pendennis, Henry Esmond, The Newcomes.

Jane Austen—Sense and Sensibility, Pride and Prejudice.

George Eliot—Silas Marner, The Mill on the Floss, Romola, Adam Bede, Scenes from Clerical Life.

Mrs. Gaskell—Cranford.

Charles Kingsley—Westward Ho! Hereward the Wake, Hypatia.

Charles Dickens—David Copperfield, Martin Chuzzlewit, A Christmas Carol, The Cricket on the Hearth, A Tale of Two Cities, Our Mutual Friend.

Dinah Maria Mulock—John Halifax, Gent.

Charlotte Bronte—Jane Eyre, Shirley, The Professor.

Bret Harte—The Luck of Roaring Camp, and other tales.

William Dean Howells—The Rise of Silas Lapham, An Indian Summer, A Hazard of New Fortune.

Thomas Nelson Page—Short Stories, Red Rock.



ZION'S STANDARD IS RAISED.

Words by Daniel Letham.

Music by Charles J. Thomas.

$\text{♩} = 120$ *Bold, Moderato.*

1. Zion's standard is raised, her banner un - furl'd, Her calling is peace and good
 2. We'll herald the Gospel, re - stored from on high, Commissioned by Shiloh on

will to the world; In vis - ion the prophets her glo - ry be - held, Which all other
 whom we re - ly, For faith, strength and wisdom, His message to bear Throughout the dark

glories and callings ex - celled. Her mountains and valleys were feld in re -
 nations en - guined in des - pair. Ex - hort - ing all kindreds and tongues to em -

serve, The pur - pose and will of Je - ho - vah to serve, That His chosen might
 brace His will as re - vealed ere the doorway of grace Shall close as the

have a place of retreat, Secure and ex - alt - ed Im - man - uel to meet.
 ark was closed to res - cue, And save from destruction the faithful and true.

CHORUS.

Zi - on's standard is raised, her banner un - furled, Her call - ing is

peace, and good will to the world, Her call - ing is peace, and good will to the world.

FOR EVERY NEED.

“SEEK ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. (Matt. 6: 33).

“Have thou no care,”
 My Master saith to me,
 “For lo! a mansion fair
 Awaiteth thee,

And he whose house is builded by Christ's hands
 No earthly palace needs, nor spreading lands.

“Lay thou not up,
 Of silver and of gold,
 And I will fill thy cup
 With wealth untold;

For thou shalt have as treasures stored above,
 Each earnest prayer, each word and deed of love.

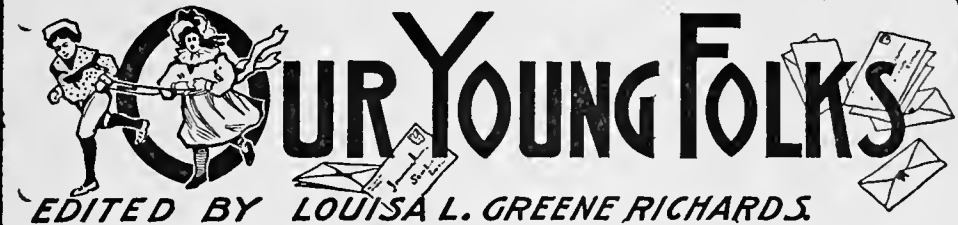
“Labor not so”
 For meat that perisheth,

Each sparrow, fallen low,
 God cherisheth;
 Much more for thee is broken bread from heaven;
 Unto thy thirst shall wine of God be given.

“For raiment soft
 Child, seek thou not;
 Have I not told thee oft
 How, without spot,
 Yea, beautiful beyond thy highest thought
 Shines the fair robe thy Lord Himself hath wrought?

“Oh, child beloved!
 I would in very deed,
 By thee be daily proved
 For all thy need,
 Come thou with cares, or fears, or questionings,
 And dwell beneath the shadows of My wings.”

MARY M. REDDING.
 From *Millennial Star*.



OUR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

ANGER.

Oh! anger is an evil thing,
And spoils the fairest face,
It cometh like a rainy cloud
Upon a sunny place.

One angry moment often does
What we repent for years;
It works the wrong we ne'er make right
By sorrow or by tears.

It speaks the rude and cruel word
That wounds a feeling breast;
It strikes the reckless, sudden blow;
It breaks the household rest.

We dread the dog that turns in play,
All snapping, fierce and quick;
We shun the steed whose temper shows
In strong and savage kick.

But how much more we find to blame,
When passion wildly swells,
In hearts where kindness has been taught,
And brains where reason dwells,

The hand of peace is frank and warm,
And soft as ring-dove's wing;
And he who quells an angry thought,
Is greater than a king.

Shame to the lips that ever seek
To stir up jarring strife,
When gentlemen would shed so much
Of Christian joy through life.

Ever remember in thy youth,
That he who firmly tries
To conquer and to rule himself
Is noble, brave and wise.

Selected,

A GUY FAWKES' COAT.

An English Story.

"HERE, Meg, unlace my boots. Run, Meg, and fetch my wadded slippers, and then come and brush out my hair; for

wearry as a spent hound am I after my ride to town."

Thus spoke the imperious little lady, Olivia Driscoll, one chill November day in the early half of the last century, as she threw herself on a low couch and thrust out a small, shapely foot towards her young cousin and "poor relation," Margaret Rip-ton.

As Margaret gently smoothed the handsome girl's bonny brown locks and listened to her peevish complaints of the muddy roads, the difficulty she had in matching her embroidery silks, and the hubbub the village boys were making over their anticipated holiday on the morrow, she thought somewhat bitterly, "Ah me! How different everything would be if dear grandpa had not put off giving me Heathcote, as he always promised. But there, he is dead and gone. Dick has that, as well as all the rest of the estate, and there is no use in vain repinings."

Just then a hideous false face, surmounted by a bristling wig and comical paper cap, was quickly popped in at the open door, and a mischievous boyish voice gaily chanted in a high falsetto:

Please to remember the fifth of November,
Gunpowder, treason and plot;

We know no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!

Holloa, girls! holloa, girls! huzza-a-a!

"Oh, Stanhope, do stop that todo!" snapped Olivia crossly, "you make me, head ache. If you must amuse yourself with those silly, vulgar 'Guys,' you might at least keep them out of our sight! For my part, I wish Guido Fawkes had been blown up

with his own gunpowder, and his ashes could be left in peace instead of rising in effigy to torment us every autumn."

"*Requiescat in pace!* Hey, Livy?" returned Stanhope good-naturedly. "Well, my amiable sister, I'm afraid you won't have your wish so long as there is a loyal English fellow who loves fun and bonfires. And Meg likes them, too, I can see by the way her eyes dance. Haven't I made a prime body out of straw, coz? Only the poor chap has no coat to his back, and I have come to beg the old blue one with brass buttons that hangs up in your closet."

"Oh, no, Stan! not that. That was grandfather's coat." The dancing orbs suddenly lost their sparkle and grew misty, as the girl recalled the genial, whole-souled squire, the "apple of whose eye" she had been throughout a long, blissful decade.

"Well, what of that, pray?" sneered Olivia. "I can't see why you should treasure the rag-tags belonging to an old man who cut you off without a shilling and left you to be a burden on other people!"

"You know—you know he never meant it!" cried Meg, flushing painfully. "It was all so unexpected! The accident to the stage coach, his being killed, and—and—" but there the overwrought girl broke down with a sob and rushed from the room.

Then Stanhope exclaimed: "No more of that cat-clawing, Livy! It's a shame, the way you treat Meggy, who is as obliging a little soul as ever lived, and who waits on you like a slavey." An hour later he sought his young cousin with a consolation gift of cheese cakes and winter pippins; which they enjoyed together, sitting quite cozily on the garret stairs.

"Please don't think, Meg, that I brought you these because I had an ax to grind," he said, when the cakes and apples had disappeared. "But I do want that blue coat

awfully. Couldn't you just lend it to me for the day? You see we fellows want our 'Guy' to beat the one Tom Finch and his crew are making, and he would look stunning riding around rigged out in brass buttons and a ruffled shirt front. The coat could be taken off before he goes into the fire."

"But could I depend upon you to see that that was done?" asked Meg, somewhat dubiously.

"Ay, to be sure you could. I promise it upon my word and honor. The fellows will do whatever I say."

"Very well, then, you can have it. But, pray, pray, Stan, dear, don't let any harm come to it! It is almost the only thing I have of grandpa's and was the last coat he wore."

"Thanks, sweet Meg. You are a trump, and worth two lackadaisical Livys." Then he scurried off to give the finishing touches to the holiday toilette of "Signore Guido Fawkes."

A still, gray day proved the fifth of November, which was entirely satisfactory to the boys of the small country village, who for weeks had been collecting and hoarding great masses of dry branches and brushwood, barrels and palings for the festal bonfires. They were early abroad with their rival 'Guys,' each fastened in a chair with knots and streamers of gay paper fluttering from his cap, topboots dangling on his flimsy straw legs, and bearing a dark lantern and bunch of matches in his dummy hands.

Such a jolly, noisy festival as it was, and such a light-hearted, happy-faced set of merrymakers as paraded the streets and lanes, trolling out their rollicking song! Stanhope Driscoll, however, and his friends disdained the old custom indulged in by Tom Finch and his less well-born coterie, of running up to passers-by, hat in hand, and begging, "Pray remember Guy,—please to remember Guy," thereby gain-

ing for themselves many a copper penny and silver sixpence with which to enjoy a holiday treat.

"What a funny manner it is in which to keep in mind the narrow escape of King James and his parliament," laughed Meg, as she watched the sport from her window. Soon after dark, warmly wrapped in hood and cloak, she stood at the gate when the huge bonfires began to crackle and blaze with a fitful, ruddy glow.

"Our Guy Fawkes will have to meet his fate in his shirt sleeves," remarked Stanhope, and he was about, himself, to strip off Squire Ripton's Sunday coat from the manikin, when he was interrupted by a call from his chum, Harold Mason, who wished him to assist in setting off the fireworks that were to add the crowning lustre to the occasion. He soon became so absorbed in the fascinating wheels and rockets, stars and tourbillons, that he quite forgot the hero of the day until startled by a loud, angry hubbub and the frightened shriek of little pale-faced Jack Pinney—"Oh, Driscoll, Driscoll, Tom Finch and his mean crowd have beaten our fellows and smuggled our Guy! They've smuggled our Guy and carried him off to burn!"

"The mischief, they have! That's a pretty todo! But we'll soon put a stop to it!" shouted Stanhope. "Come on, boys! Forward to the rescue!" Away he dashed, closely followed by Harold and small Jack. A thought of Meg and his promise gave wings to his feet, though it sent his heart tumbling down, down into his boots when, on reaching the rival bonfire, he beheld two "Guys" already tied to a stake in the midst of the lapping tongues of flame, and noticed that one wore a blue coat with brass buttons.

"There is not an instant to lose!" he muttered, and the Finch party, waiting with doubled fists, ready to defend its position, fell back in mute wonder and amazement as the irate leader deigned

the marauders never a glance, but sped by through the smoke, right into the glowing mass, and began tugging at the rope with which the absurd effigies were bound.

"Stanhope Driscoll, have you taken leave of your senses and gone stark, staring mad?" screamed Harold Mason, while even big Tom Finch attempted to pull him back.

But naught did the lad seem to hear or heed until he had loosened the uncouth figure and borne it, all scorched and begrimed and disfigured, to the side of the road. Then, indeed, he gasped for breath, uttered an exclamation of pain, and toppled over on the grass, looking so white that even his quondam enemies flew for water, and little Jack howled from sheer terror.

A plentiful supply of cold liquid, however, brought him up with a start, thoroughly disgusted at having nearly fainted away like a "Miss Nancy." Although his feet and hands stung as if he had just encountered a yellow jacket's nest, he cried bravely: "Hold on, fellows! I'll be fit as a trivet in a moment and don't need drowning as well as roasting."

"I think you need a straight jacket," growled Harold. "The idea of risking your life in that reckless fashion for a miserable old dummy that we were going to burn anyway."

"Oh, boys, no! You don't understand," said Stanhope. "It wasn't the Guy I cared so much about. It was his togs; though I'm afraid they ain't worth a great deal now." He gazed woefully at two large holes burnt in the skirt of the blue coat, and added, "Whatever will Meg say?"

But Meg—who heard all the story from little Jack Pinney—had not the heart for reproaches when the smutty, shame-faced lad appeared before her and, with sadly blistered fingers, held the dilapidated remains of Guy Fawkes' festal garb.

"Don't look so doleful. Accidents will happen!" she said cheerfully. "And I know you did your best. After all, I don't really require anything to remember dear grandfather by." Still, she gathered up the tattered garment very carefully, and was bearing it away, when something slipped from betwixt the folds and fell upon the floor.

"Hello, Meg! What is that?" asked Stanhope, picking it up. "A legal paper, or I'm a numbskull! For see, it is writing on parchment, and sealed with big red seals. Where can it have dropped from?"

"From between the cloth and lining of the coat, I verily believe," gasped Meg. "Perhaps it was lost through a slit in the pocket, and has lain there a long, long time. Oh, Stan, do you think it could have been grandpa's, and do you dare to open it?"

"No, but I will take it to my father. He is a judge, and will know what to do."

The next morning Olivia opened her eyes in astonishment to see her stately, usually self-absorbed father draw poor, half-frightened Meg to his side and hear him say: "I congratulate you, my dear; for that paper, discovered in so curious a manner, was nothing less than a deed which the late Squire Ripton must have been to London to have drawn up at the time he met with the accident that caused his death. It is a deed of gift giving the farm of Heathcote to you and your heirs for ever."

"Hip, hip, hooray, for the mistress of Heathcote!" shouted Stanhope, catching the happy girl round the waist and whirling her in an impromptu waltz across the polished floor.

"But you could never live there by yourself," said Olivia.

"Couldn't I if my old governess, Fraulein Brinckman, would live with me?" asked Meg, looking appealingly at her uncle.

"Well, my dear, we will see—we will see. Probably everything can be arranged to your satisfaction."

"Then I shall spend half my holidays with you," put in Stanhope.

"I hope you will, and Livy, too," replied the beaming maid, all past wrongs forgotten and freely forgiven. In her new-born happiness her only thought being to make others happy,

THE LETTER-BOX.

A Sad and Fatal Accident.

Little Nello Jackson, age five years, was drowned in the Little Colorado River, at Woodruff, Arizona. He was a member of the Sunday School kindergarten class, and dearly loved by his teachers and class mates. The accident happened on July 1, 1907, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. His mother, Sister Victoria Handcock Jackson, had been promising her children a fishing trip for some time, and Nello was so delighted with the thought of it that day, he could hardly wait until the time for starting. The chores were done early, and about 4 o'clock, Sister Jackson went with her children down to the river to watch them fish. The sun being too high for the fish to be easily caught, the children were given permission to wade in the edge of the water and wait till later to fish. So Nello and his younger brother went in the water, but their little sister said she was afraid and would be content to watch them. Their mother warned them not to wade out in any deeper water than up to their knees, though she did not think they were near deep water and thought them perfectly safe. She was sitting on the bank near by, sewing and talking to the children. One moment she glanced down at her work, and the next a horrible sight met her eye; she saw her boy's hands above the water, and his hat floating on the surface; then he sank out of sight. She ran to the

side of the river where she last saw him, and as he came to the surface, tried to reach him, but he was too far out in the water, and again he went under. She thought she could step a short way into the water and reach her child when he should come to the surface again. But her first step let her down in a hole out of sight. She was unable to swim, but, as all drowning people will, she began to make struggles to rise above the water; and then she felt something hold of her hair, and said to herself, "help has come at last." But it was her own little drowning boy, who, in his last struggles, climbed on her shoulders, but only to stay a moment, then he fell back into the water and his struggles ended, for he rose no more. Just as the mother was about to think her time to go, as well as her son's, had come, she hit a bank and putting her arms on it, she raised her head above the water. Though her feet were not touching the ground, she held with one hand while beckoning with the other for her little girl to go for help. As men were at work on the dam, the little girl soon brought help, and Sister Jackson was taken out of the water and over to a

neighbor's house. The men, after diving three or four times, found the lifeless body of little Nello in a hole ten feet deep. All remedies were applied to restore life, but after working for over an hour, it was discovered that the little spirit had entirely left its body. The funeral was held at 4 o'clock the next day, attended by a large company of deeply sympathizing friends for the grief-stricken family.

LOUIE SAVAGE.

From a Little Indian Girl.

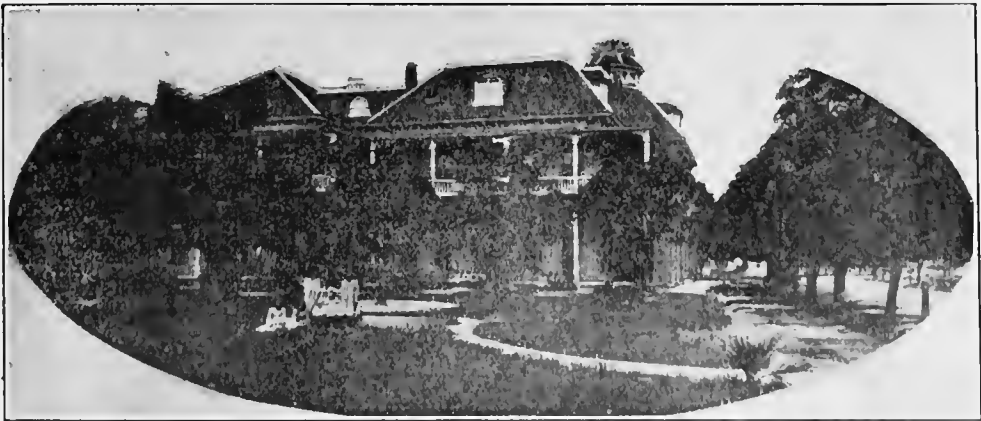
LEHI, ARIZONA,

DEAR LETTER-BOX:—I like to read the letters in the JUVENILE. I also like to go to Sunday School. I go to school at the Phoenix Indian school.

JUANA VALENZUELA,

DEAR EDITOR:—This letter was written by a Lamapite member of the Church, who is eleven years old. She is one of my Sunday School class, and has heard the stories and letters read from the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ALICE CROSBY.



THE PHOENIX INDIAN SCHOOL.

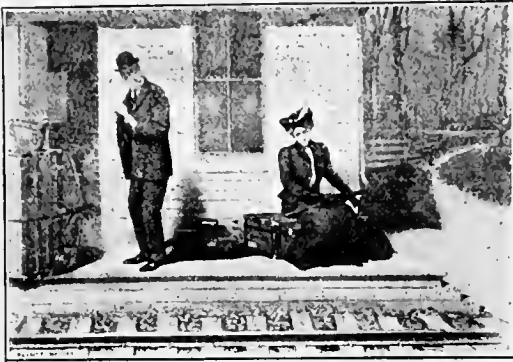
LAUGH. AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU.

In a Minor Key.

LITTLE WILLIE—"O Mr. Henpeckke, won't you play something on the violin?"

MR. HENPECKKE—"Why, really, I would if I knew how."

LITTLE WILLIE—"Oh, I guess you know how. My pop says you play second fiddle to Mrs. Henpeckke."—*Philadelphia Record*.



Mailed It in His Pocket.

HIS WIFE—"I can't understand why they haven't sent the carriage for us. I said in my letter we would come on this train."—*Life*.

More Work.

LITTLE EDNA—"What is 'leisure,' mama?"

MAMA—"It's the spare time a woman has in which she can do some other kind of work, my dear."—*Chicago Daily News*.

A Dream.

Wishing to learn what his nephew would say, Uncle Charles asked little Fred, "What would you do if you stood at the root of a tree with your foot on the head of a live rattlesnake, a tiger was crouching on a branch above ready to spring, and you saw a wild Indian running at you with uplifted tomahawk?"

"I should wake right up," was the unexpected reply.

A Bargain.

HE: Miss Hunt, I love you, but now I dare not dream of calling you mine. Yesterday I was worth ten thousand dollars, but today, by a turn

of Fortune's wheel, I have but a few paltry hundreds to call my own. I would not ask you to accept me in my reduced state. Farewell forever.

SHE (eagerly): Good gracious! Reduced from \$10,000 to \$100! What a bargain! Of course, I'll take you. You might have known I couldn't resist.

An Inverted Saying.

If we could only see others as we see ourselves what splendid men and women would inhabit the world

Retribution.

JONES—"That young man who plays the cornet is ill."

GREEN—"Do you think he will recover?"

JONES—"I am afraid not. The doctor who is attending him lives next door."—*Tit Bits*.

How to Earn a Living in China.

Senator Morgan once threw down a magazine with a sneer. "Another nature fake!" he exclaimed. "Why, these things are as absurd as—as absurd as—" And then he laughed and said that it reminded him of an address that he once heard an absent-minded missionary make. "In China, dear friends," said the missionary, "human life is regarded as of but slight value. Indeed, if a wealthy Chinaman is condemned to death, he can easily hire another to die for him; and I believe many poor fellows get their living by thus acting as substitutes."—*Argonaut*.



Those Selfish Men.

SHE—"Henry, what do you suppose would happen to me if this horrible thing were to start off down-hill while you're down there amusing yourself?"—*Judge*.



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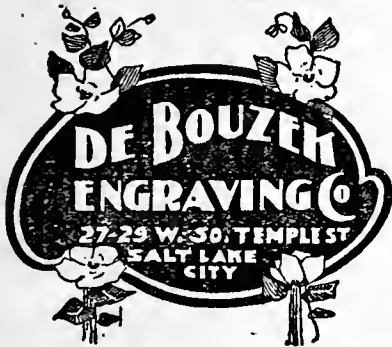
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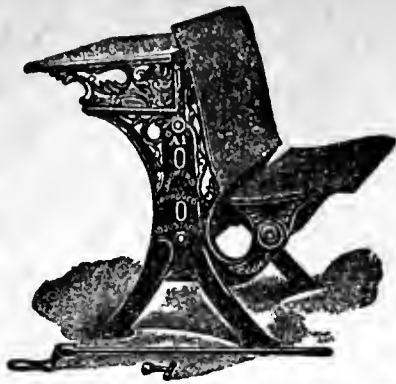
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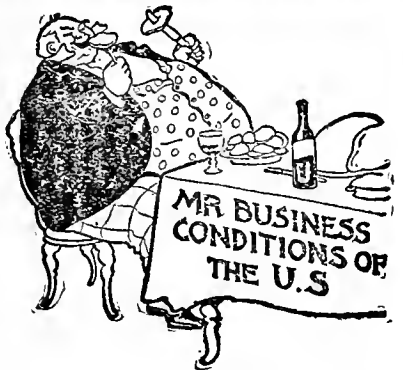
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